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## Tales and Miscellanies.

### PASSION:

#### ITS HISTORY AND TERMINATION.

The following is the concluding part of "Asmodeus at Large," the last work of Bulwer. It is a narrative of great power; and those who have not perused the entire work, will require no apology for the length of the extract.

It was evening, clear and frosty—I stood in one of the small deserted streets that intersect Mayfair, waiting for Julia. Yes! our attachment had now progressed to that point; we met—alone and in secret. From the hour Julia first consented to these interviews, Asmodeus left me; I have not seen him since.

"My gratitude stops here," said he. "It was my task to amuse, to interest you, but no more. I deal not with the passions—I can do nothing for you in this affair. You are in love, and in the hands of a stronger demon than myself—Adieu!—when the spell is broken we may meet again."—With those words he vanished, and has, I suspect, engaged his services for the present to the Marquis of Hertford.

I was waiting then, in this lonely street, for the coming of Julia; I heard the clock strike eight, the appointed hour, but I saw not her dark mantle and graceful form emerging from the cross street which led her to our *rendezvous*.—And who was Julia, and what? She was a relation of the gaming adventurer at whose house and with whose daughter I had first seen her—and she lived at somewhat a distant part of the town with a sister who was a widow and much older than herself. Occupied in the business of an extensive trade, and the cares of a growing family, this sister left Julia to the guidance of her own susceptible fancy and youthful inexperience—left her to reflect—to imagine—to act as she would, and the consequence was that she fell in love. She was thoroughly guileless, and almost thoroughly ignorant. She could read, indeed, but only novels, and those not of the gravest; she could write—but in no fluent hand, and if her heart taught her the sentiment that supplies skill, her diffidence forbade her to express it. She was quiet, melancholy, yet quickly moved to mirth—sensitive, and yet pure. I afterwards discovered that pride was her prevailing characteristic, but at first it lay concealed. I already loved her even for her deficiencies, for they were not of nature, but of education.

And who and what is her lover? Long as I have been relating these adventures, I have not yet communicated that secret. Writing about myself, I have not yet disclosed myself. I will now do so: I am then an idle, wandering, unmarried man—rich, well-born, still young—who have read much, written somewhat, and lived for pleasure, action, and the hour—keeping thought for study, but excluding it from enterprise, and ready to plunge into any plan or any pursuit, so that it promised the excitement of something new. Such a life engenders more of remembrance than of hope; it flings our dreams back upon the past, instead of urging them to the future—it gives us excitement in retrospection, but satiety when we turn towards the years to come; the pleasure of youth is a costly draught, in which the pearl that should enrich our manhood is dissolved. And so much for Julia's lover; the best thing in his favor is that she loves him. The half hour has passed—will she come? How my heart beats!—the night is clear and bright, what can have delayed her? I hear feet—Ah, Julia, it is you indeed!

Julia took my arm, and pressed it silently; I drew aside her veil, and beneath the lamp, looked into her face; she was weeping.

"And what is the matter, dearest?"

"My sister has discovered your last letter to me; I dropped it, and—and—"

"Heavens! how could you be so imprudent—but I hope it is no matter—what does your sister say?"

"That—that I ought to see you no more."

"She is kind; but you will not obey her, my Julia?"

"I cannot help it."

"Why, surely you can come out when you like?"

"No; I have promised not. She has been a kind sister to me, sir, and—and she spoke so kindly now on this matter, that I could not help promising; and I cannot break my promise, though I may break my heart."

"Is there no way of compromising the matter?" said I after a pause. "No way of seeing me? My Julia, you will not desert me now?"

"But what can I do?" said Julia, simply.

"My angel, surely the promise was not willingly given; it was extorted from you!"

"No, sir; I gave it with all my heart."

"I thank you."

"Pray, pray, do not speak so coldly; you must, you must

own it was very wrong in me ever to see you; and how could this end—God knows, but not to my good and my family's honor. I never thought much about it before, and went on, and on, till I got entangled, and did not dare look much back or much forward; but now you see, when my sister began to show me all the folly I have committed, I was frightened, and—and—in short, it is no use talking, I can meet you no more.

"But I shall at least see you at your relation's, the Miss \*\*\*?"

"No, sir; I have premised also not to go there, and not to go anywhere without my sister."

"Confound your sister," I muttered with a most conscientious heartiness; "you give me up then," said I, aloud, "without a sigh, and without a struggle?"

Julia wept on without answering; my heart softened to her, and my conscience smote myself. Was not the sister right? Had I not been selfishly reckless of consequences? Was it not now my duty to be generous? "And even if generous," answered Passion, "will Julia be happy? Have not matters already gone so far that her heart is implicated without recall? To leave her, is to leave her to be wretched." We walked quietly on, neither speaking. Never before had I felt how dearly I loved this innocent and charming girl; and loving her so dearly, a feeling for her began to preponderate over the angry and bitter mortification I had first experienced for myself. My mind was confused and bewildered—I knew not which course to pursue. We had gone on thus mute for several minutes, when at the corner of a street which led her homewards, Julia turned, and said in a faltering voice,—"Farewell, sir, God bless you—let us part here; I must go home now!" The street was utterly empty—the lamps few, and at long intervals, left the place where we stood in shade. I saw her countenance only imperfectly through the low long bonnet which, modestly, as it were, shrouded its tearful loveliness; I drew my arm round her, kissed her lips, and said, "Be it as you think best for yourself—go and be happy—think no more of me."

Julia paused—hesitated, as about to speak—then shook her head gently, and, still silent (as if the voice were choked within) lowered her veil, and walked away. When she had got a few paces, she turned back, and seeing that I still stood in the same spot, gazing upon her, her courage seemed to desert her; she returned, placed her hand in mine, and said in a soft whisper,

"You are not angry with me—you will not hate me?"

"Julia, to the last hour of my life I shall adore you; that I do not reproach you—that I do not tamper with your determination, is the greatest proof of the real and deep love I bear to you; but go—or I shall not be so generous long."

Now Julia was quite a child in mind more than years, and her impulses were childlike, and after a little pause, and a little evident embarrassment, she drew from her finger a pretty though plain ring, that I had once admired, and she said very timidly,

"If, sir, you will condescend to accept this—"

I heard no more; I vow that my heart melted within me at once, and the tears ran down my cheek almost as fast as they did Julia's; the incident was so simple—the sentiment it veiled was so touching and so youthful. I took the ring and kissed it—Julia yet lingered—I saw what was at her heart, though she dared not say it. She wished also for some little remembrance of the link that had been between us, but she would not take the chain I pressed upon her; it was too costly; and the only gift that pleased her, and she at last accepted, was a ring not half the value even of her own. This little interchange, and the more gentle and less passionate feelings to which it gave birth, seemed to console her; and when she left me, it was with a steadier step and a less drooping air. Poor Julia! I staid in that desolate spot till the last glimpse of thy light form vanished from my gaze.

In the whole course of life there is no passage in it so weary, stale, and unprofitable, as that which follows some episode of Passion broken abruptly off. Still loving, yet forbidding the object we love, the heart sinks beneath the weight of its own craving affections. There is no event to the day—a burthensome listlessness—a weary and distasteful apathy fill up the dull flatness of the hours. Time creeps before us visibly—we see his hour-glass and his scythe—and we lose all the charm of life the moment we are made sensible of its presence!

I resolved to travel—I fixed the day of my departure.—Would to heaven that I had been permitted to carry, at least, that purpose into effect! About three days before the one I had appointed for leaving London, I met suddenly in the street my friend, Anne, the eldest of the damsels to whom I had played the sorcerer. She knew, of course, of my love

for Julia, and had assisted in our interviews. I found that she now knew of our separation. She had called upon Julia, and the sister had told her all, and remonstrated with her for her connivance at our attachment. The girl described the present condition of Julia in the most melancholy colors.—She said she passed the day alone—and (the widow had confessed) for the most part in tears—that she had already lost her color and roundness of form—that her health was breaking beneath an effort which her imperfect education, feeding her imagination at the expense of the reasoning faculty, and furnishing her with no resources, so ill prepared her to sustain. And with her sister, however well meaning, she had no sympathy. She found in her no support, and but seldom even companionship.

This account produced a great revulsion in my mind.—Hitherto I had at least consoled myself with the belief that I had acted in the true spirit of tenderness to Julia, and in that hope I had supported myself. Now all thought, prudence, virtue vanished beneath the idea of her unhappiness. I returned home, and in the impulse of the moment, wrote to her a passionate, imploring letter. I besought her to fly with me. I committed the letter to my servant, a foreigner, well-used to such commissions; and in a state of breathless fever I awaited the reply. It came—the address was in Julia's writing. I opened it with a sort of transport—my own letter was returned unopened—the cover contained these few words:

"I have pledged myself to return your letter in case you should write to me, and so I keep my word. I dare not—dare not open this; for I cannot tell you what it costs me to keep my resolution. I had no idea that it would be so impossible to forget you—that I should be so unhappy. But tho' I will not trust myself to read what you have written, I know well how full of kindness every word is, and feel as if I had read the letter; and it makes me wickedly happy to think you have not yet forgotten me, though you soon must. Pray do not write to me again—I beseech you not, as you value the little peace that is left to me. And so, sir, no more from Julia, who prays for you night and day, and will think of you as long as she lives."

What was I to do after the receipt of this letter? So artless was Julia, that every word that ought to have dissuaded me from molesting her more, seemed to make it imperative to refrain. And what a corroboration in these lines of all I had been told! I waited till dark. I repaired with my servant to that part of the town in which Julia's sister resided. I reconnoitred the house. "And how," asked I, for the first time, of my servant, "how, Louis, did you convey the letter?"

"I went, sir, first," answered Louis, "to the young lady, Miss Julia's cousin, in — street, and asked if I could not carry any parcel to her relation. She understood me, and gave me one. I slipped the letter into the parcel, and calling at the private entrance of the house desired the maid who opened the door to give it only to Miss Julia. I made same of the servant with half-a-guinea. Miss Julia herself came down, and gave me the answer."

"Ha, and you saw her then?"

"Not her face, sir, for she had put on her bonnet, and she did not detain me a moment."

In this account there was no clue to the apartment which belonged to Julia, and that it was now my main object to discover. I trusted, however, greatly to the ingenuity and wit of my *confidant*, and a little to my own. It was a corner house—large, rambling, old-fashioned; one side of the house ran down a dark and narrow street, the other faced a broad and public thoroughfare. In walking to and fro the former street, I at length saw a sudden light in a window of the second floor, and Julia herself—yes, herself! appeared for one moment at the window. I recognized her gentle profile—her parted hair—and then she drew down the curtain; all was darkness and a blank. That, then, was her apartment; at least I had some right to conjecture so. How to gain it was still the question. Rope-ladders exist only in romances; besides, the policemen and the passengers. The maid-servant flashed across me—might she not, bought over to the minor indulgence, be purchased also to the greater one? I called my servant, and bade him attempt the task. After a little deliberation he rang at the bell—luck favored me—the same servant as before answered the summons. I remained at a distance, shrouded in my cloak. At length the door closed—Louis joined me—the servant had consented to admit me two hours hence; I might then see Julia undetected. The girl, according to Louis, was more won over by compassion for Julia's distress, whom she imagined compelled by her sister to reject the addresses of a true lover, than even by the bribe. In two hours the sister would have retired to rest—the house would be still! Oh, heaven! what a variety of

burning emotions worked upon me—and stifled remorse, nay, even fear. Lest we should attract observation, by lingering for so long a time about the spot, I retired from the place at present. I returned at the appointed hour. I was admitted—all was dark—the servant, who was a very young girl herself, conducted me up the narrow stairs. We came to Julia's door—a light broke through the chinks and under the threshold; and now, for the first time, I faltered, I trembled, the color fled my cheeks, my knees knocked together. By a violent effort I conquered my emotion. What was to be done? If I entered without premeditation, Julia, in her sudden alarm, might rouse the house; if I sent in the servant to acknowledge I was there, she might yet refuse to see me—No! this one interview I would insist upon! This latter course was the best, the only one. I bade the young girl then prepare her young mistress for my presence. She entered and shut the door; I sat down at the threshold. Conceive all I felt as I sat there listening to the loud beating of my own heart! The girl did not come out—time passed—I heard Julia's voice within, and there seemed fear, agony, in its tone. I could wait no more. I opened her door gently, and stood before her. The fire burnt low and clear in the grate—one candle assisted its partial light: there was a visible air of purity—of maidenhood about the whole apartment, that struck an instant reverence into my heart. Books in small shelves hung upon the wall; Julia's work lay upon a table near the fire; the bed stood at a little distance with its white simple drapery;—in all was that quiet and spotless neatness which is as a type of the inmate's mind. My eye took the whole scene at a glance. And Julia herself—reclined on a chair—her head buried in her hands—sobbing violently—and the maid pale and terrified before her, having lost all presence of mind, all attempt to cheer her mistress, much less to persuade! I threw myself at Julia's feet, and attempted to seize her hand; she started up with a faint cry of terror.

"You!" she said, with keen reproach. "I did not expect this from you! Go—go! What would you have? What could you think of me—at this hour—in this room?" and as she said the last words, she again hid her face with her hands, but only for a moment. "Go!" she exclaimed, in a sterner voice. "Go instantly, or—"

"Or what, Julia! You will raise the house?—Do so! In the face of all—foes or friends—I will demand the right to see and speak with you—this night, and alone. Now, summon the house. In the name of indomitable Love I swear that I will be heard."

Julia only waved her hand in yet stronger agitation than before.

"What do you fear?" I resumed, in a softer whisper. "Is it I—who, for your sake, gave up even the attempt to see you till now. And now, what brings me hither? A selfish purpose? No! it is for your happiness that I come. Julia, I fancied you well—at ease—forgetting me; and I bore my own wretchedness without a murmur. I heard of you ill, pining—living only on the past; I forgot all prudence, and I am here. Now do you blame, or do you yet imagine that this love is of a nature which you have cause to fear? Answer me, Julia!"

"I cannot—I cannot—here!—and now!—go, I implore you, and to-morrow I will see you."

"This night, or never," said I, rising and folding my arms. Julia turned round, gazing on my face with so anxious, so inquiring, so alarmed a look, that it checked my growing courage; then turning to the servant, she grasped her firmly by the arm, and muttered, "You will not leave me!"

"Julia, have I deserved this? Be yourself, and be just to me."

"Not here, I say; not here," cried Julia, in so vehement a tone, that I feared it might alarm the house.

"Hush, hush! Well, then," said I, "come down stairs; doubtless the sitting-room below is vacant enough; there, then, let me see you only for a few minutes, and I will leave you contented, and blessing your name."

"I will," said Julia, gaspingly. "Go, I will follow you."

"Promise?"

"Yes, yes; I promise!"

"Enough; I am satisfied."

Once more I descended the stairs, and sat myself quietly on the last step. I did not wait many moments. Shading the light with her hand, Julia stole down, opened a door in the passage. We were in a little parlor;—the gaping servant was about also to enter;—I whispered her to stay without. Julia did not seem to observe or to heed this. Perhaps in this apartment—connected with all the associations of daylight and safety—she felt herself secure. She appeared, too, to look round the little room with a satisfied air, and her face, though very pale, had lost its aspect of fear.

The room was cold, and looked desolate enough, God knows;—the furniture all disarranged and scattered, the tables strewn with litter, the rug turned up, and the ashes in the grate. But Julia here suffered me to take her hand,—and Julia here leant upon my bosom, and I kissed away the tears from her eyes, and she confessed she had been very, very unhappy.

Then with all the power that love gives us over the one beloved—that soft despotism which melts away the will—I urged my suit to Julia, and implored her to let us become the world to each other. And Julia had yet the virtue to refuse; and her frank simplicity had already half restored my own better angel to myself, when I heard a slight alarmed scream

from the servant without—an angry voice—the door opened;—I saw a female whom I was at no loss to conjecture must be Julia's sister. What a picture it made! The good lady with her *bonnet de dent*, and her—but, alas! the story is too serious for jest; yet imagine how the small things of life interfere with its great events: the widow had come down to look for her keys that she had left behind. The pathetic—the passionate—all marred by a bunch of keys! She looked hard at me before she even deigned to regard my companion; and then, approaching us, she took Julia roughly enough by the arm.

"Go up stairs; go!" she said. "How have you deceived me! And you, sir; what do you here? Who are you?"

"My dear lady, take a chair, and let us have some rational conversation."

"Sir, do you mean to insult me?"

"How can you imagine I do?"

"Leave the house this instant, or I shall order in the policeman!"

"Not you!"

"How!—Will I not?"

Julia, glad of an escape, had already glided from the room.

"Madam," said I, "listen to me. I will not leave this apartment until I have exonerated your sister from all blame in this interview. I entered the house unknown to her. I went at once to her own room—you start: it was so; I speak the truth. I insisted on speaking to her, as I insist on speaking to you now; and, if you will not hear me, know the result: it is this—I will visit this house, guard it as you can:—day and night I will visit it, until it holds Julia no more,—until she is mine! Is this the language of a man whom you can control? Come, be seated, and hear me."

The mistress of the house mechanically took a chair. We conversed together for more than an hour. And I found that Julia had been courted the year before by a man in excellent circumstances, of her own age, and her own station in life: that she had once appeared disposed to favor his suit, and that, since she had known me she had rejected it.

The sister was very anxious she should now accept it. She appealed to me whether I should persevere in a suit that could not end honorably to Julia—to the exclusion of one

that would secure to her affluence, respectability, a station, and a home. I was struck by this appeal. The widow was,

like most of her class, a shrewd and worldly woman enough:

she followed up the advantage she had gained; and at length emboldened by my silence, and depending greatly on my evident passion for Julia, she threw out a pretty broad hint that

the only way to finish the dispute fairly, was to marry Julia myself.

Now, if there be any propensity common to a sensible man of the world, it is suspicion. I immediately suspected that I was to be "taken in!" Could Julia connive at this? Had her reserve so great, yet her love so acknowledged, been lures to fascinate me into the snare? I did not yield to the suspicion, but, somehow or other, it remained half unconsciously on my mind. So great was my love for Julia that, had it been less suddenly formed, I might have sacrificed all, and married her; but in sudden passions there is no esteem. You are ashamed, you are afraid of indulging them to their full extent;—you feel that as yet you are the dupe, if not of others, at least of your own senses, and the very knowledge of the excess of your passion puts you on your guard lest you should be betrayed by it. I said nothing in answer to the widow's suggestion, but I suffered her to suppose from my manner that it *might* have its effect. I left the house, after an amicable compromise. On my part I engrossed not to address Julia herself any more. On the widow's part, she promised that, on applying to her, she would suffer me at any time to see Julia, even alone.

For the next two days I held a sharp contest with myself.

Could I, with love still burning in every vein, consent to renounce Julia? Yet could I consent to deprive her of the holy

and respected station she had it in her power to hold, to pursue my suit, to accomplish its purpose in her degradation? A

third choice was left me: should I obey the sister's hint, and proffer marriage?—Marriage with one beautiful, indeed, simple, amiable, but without birth, education; without sympathy with myself in a single thought or habit?—be the fool of my own desire, and purchase what I had the sense to feel must be discontented and ill-mated life, for the mere worship of external qualities? Yet, yet,—in a word, I felt as if I could arrive at no decision for myself. I remembered an old friend and adviser of my youth,—to him, then, I resolved to apply for counsel.

John Mannering is about sixty years of age; he is of a

mild temper, of great experience, of kindly manners, and of a

morality which professes to be practicable rather than strict.

He had guided me from many errors in the earlier part of my

life, but he had impressed no clear principle on my mind in

order to guide myself. His own virtue was without system,

the result of a good heart, though not an ardent one; and a

mind which did not aspire beyond a certain elevation,—not

from the want of a clear sense, but of enthusiasm. Such as

he was, he was the best adviser I knew of; for he was among

the few who can sympathise with your feelings as well as

your interests. With him I conversed long and freely. His

advice was obvious—to renounce Julia. I went home; I

reasoned with myself; I sat down and began twenty letters;

I tore them all in a rage. I could not help picturing to my

mind Julia pining and in despair; and, in affecting to myself

to feel only for her, I compassionated my own situation. At length love prevailed over all. I resolved to call on the widow, to request permission to be allowed to visit Julia at her house, and, without promising marriage, still to pay her honorable courtship, with a view of ascertaining if our tempers and dispositions were as congenial as our hearts. I fancied such a proposition seemed exceedingly reasonable and *common-sense-like*. I shut my eyes to the consequences, and, knowing how malleable is the nature of women in youth, I pleased myself with that notion which has deceived so many visionaries, that I should be able to perfect her education, and that, after a few years travel on the Continent, I might feel as proud of her mind as I was now transported with her person. Meanwhile, how tempting was the compromise with my feelings! I should see her! converse with her! live in the atmosphere of her presence!

The next day I called on her sister, whose dark, shrewd eye sparkled at my proposition. All was arranged! I saw Julia! What delight beamed in her face! With what smiles and tears she threw herself in my arms! I was satisfied and happy!

And now I called every day, and every day saw Julia: but after the first interview, the charm was broken! I saw with new eyes! The sister, commercial to the back-bone of her soul, was delighted, indeed, at the thought of the step in life her sister was to make. Julia was evidently impressed by the widow's joy, and visions of splendor evidently mingled with those of love. What more natural? Love, perhaps, predominated over all; but was it possible that, in a young and imaginative mind, the worldly vanities should be wholly dormant? Yet it was natural, also, that my suspicion should be roused,—that I should fear I was deceived,—that I might have been designedly led on to this step,—that what had seemed nature in Julia was in reality art!

I looked in her face, and its sunny and beautiful candor reassured me—but the moment afterwards the thought forced itself upon me again—I recalled also the instances I had ever known of unequal marriages, and I fancied I saw unhappiness in all—it seemed to me, in all, that the superior had been palpably duped. Thus a coldness insensibly crept over the wonted ardor of my manner, and instead of that blessed thoughtlessness, that Elysian credulity, with which lovers should give themselves up to the transport of the hour, and imagine that each is the centre of all perfection, I became restless and vigilant—for ever sifting motives, and diving deeper than the sweet surface of the present time. My mind thus influenced—the delusion that conceals all faults and ungenialities gradually evaporated—I noted a thousand things in Julia that made me start at the notion of seeing her become my wife. So long as marriage had not entered into my views—so long those faults had not touched me—had passed unheeded;—I saw her now with other eyes. When I sought in her love and beauty alone, I was contented to ask no more. At present I sought more; she was to become the companion of a life, and I was alarmed—nay, I even exaggerated the petty causes of my displeasure; an inelegance of expression—a negligence of conventional forms—fretted and irritated me in her far more than they would have done in one of my own station. When love first becomes reasonable, it soon afterwards grows unjust. I did not scruple to communicate to Julia all the little occurrences of the day, or little points in her manner, that had annoyed me;—and I found that she did not take my suggestions, mild and guarded as they were, in a manner I thought I had a right to expect. She had been accustomed to see me enamored of her lightest word or gesture—she was not prepared to find me now cavilling and reproving;—her face, always ingenuous, evinced at once her mortification at the change. She thought me always in the wrong, wearisome, exacting, and unjust. She never openly resented at first—merely pouted out her pretty lip and was silent for the next half hour; but, by degrees, my beautiful Julia began to evince traces of a "spirit"—a spirit not indeed unfeminine, and never loud—a spirit of sorrow rather than anger. I was ungenerous (she said)—I had never found these faults before—I had never required all this perfection—and then she wept;—and that went to my heart; and I was not satisfied with myself till she smiled again. But it was easy to perceive that from taking pleasure in each other's society we grew by degrees to find embarrassment—the fear of a quarrel, discontent, and a certain pain supplying the place of eager and all-absorbing rapture; and when I looked to the future I trembled. In a word—I repeat once more—"The charm was gone!"

Oh, epoch in the history of human passions!—when that phrase is spoken—what volumes does it not convey!—what bitter, what irremediable disappointment!—what dread conviction of the fallacy of hope, and the false coloring of imagination!—what a chill and dark transition—from life as we fancied it, to life as it is!—In the Arabian tale, when one eye was touched with the mystic ointment, all the treasures of the earth became visible, and the sterile rock was transformed into mines of inexhaustible wealth: but when the same spell is extended to both eyes the delusion vanishes—the earth relapses into its ancient barrenness—and the mine fades once more into the desert;—so in the experience or the passions—while we are as yet but partially the creatures of the enchantment, we are blessed with a power to discover glory in all things;—we are as magicians—we are as gods!—we are not contented—we demand more—custom touches both eyes—

and, lo! the vision is departed, and we are alone in the wilderness again!

One evening, after one of our usual quarrels and reconciliations, Julia's spirits seemed raised into more than usual re-action. There were three or four of her friends present—a sort of party—her cousins (the fortune seekers) among the rest—and she was the life of the circle. In proportion to her gaiety was my discontent; I fancied she combined with the confounded widow, who evidently wanted to "show me off," in her own damnable phrase, as her sister's wooer; and this is a position in which no tolerably fastidious man likes to be placed: add to this, my readers very well know that people who have no inelegance when subdued, throw off a thousand little *grosserities* when they are elated. No ordeal is harder for a young and lovely woman, who has not been brought up conventionally, to pass with grace than that of her unrestrained merriment. Levity requires polish in proportion to your interest in the person who indulges it; and levity in his mistress is almost always displeasing to a passionate lover. Love is so very grave and so very refined a deity. In short, every instant added to my secret vexation. I absolutely colored with rage at every jest bandied between poor Julia and her companions. I swear I think I could have beat her, with a safe conscience. The party went; now came my turn. I remonstrated—Julia replied—we both lost our temper. I fancied then I was entirely in the right; but now, alas! I will believe myself wrong; it is some sacrifice to a dread memory to own it.

"You always repine at my happiness," said Julia; "to be merry is always in your eyes a crime; I cannot bear this tyranny; I am not your wife, and if I were, I would not bear it. If I displease you now, what shall I do hereafter?"

"But, my dear Julia, you can so easily avoid the little peculiarities I dislike. Believe me unreasonable—perhaps I am so. It is some pleasure to a generous mind to sacrifice to the unreasonableness of one we love. In a word, I own it frankly, if you meet all my wishes with this obstinacy we cannot be happy, and—"

"I see," interrupted Julia, with unwonted vehemence, "I see what you would say; you are tired of me: you feel that I do not suit your ideal notions. You thought me all perfect when you designed me for your victim; but now that you think something is to be sacrificed on *your* part, you think only of that paltry sacrifice, and demand of me an impossible perfection in return!"

There was so much truth in this reproach that it stung me to the quick. It was indecorous perhaps, in Julia to use it—it was certainly unwise.

I turned pale with anger.

"Madam," I began, with that courtesy which conveys all reproach.

"Madam!" repeated Julia, turning suddenly round—her lips parted—her eyes flashing through her tears—alarm—grief—but also indignation quivering in every muscle—"Is it come to this?—Go!—Let us part—my love ceases since I see yours is over! Were you twice as wealthy—twice as proud—I would not humble myself to be beholden to your justice instead of your affection. Rather—rather—oh, God! rather would I have sacrificed myself—given up all to you—than accept one advantage from the man who considers it an honor. Let us part."

Julia had evidently conceived the word I had used in cold and bitter respect, as an irony on her station as well as a proof of coldness; but I did not stop to consider whether or not she was reasonably provoked; her disdain for the sacrifice I tho't so great galled me—the violence of her passion revolted. I thought only of the escape she offered me—"Let us part," rang in my ear like a reprieve to a convict. I rose at once—took my hat calmly—and not till I reached the door did I reply.

"Enough, Julia—we part for ever. You will hear from me to-morrow for the last time!"

I left the house and trod as on air. My love for Julia long decreasing, seemed crushed at once. I imagined her former gentleness all hypocrisy;—I thought only of the termagant I had escaped. I congratulated myself that she having broke the chain, I was free, and with honor. I did not then—nor till it was too late—recall the despair printed on her helle face, when the calm low voice of my resolution broke upon her ear, and she saw that she had indeed lost me for ever. That image rises before me now; it will haunt me to my grave. Her features pale and locked—the pride, the resentment, all sunk,—merged in one incredulous, wild, stony aspect of deserted love. Alas! alas! could I but have believed that she felt so deeply! I wrote to her the next day kindly and temperately, but such a tone made the wound deeper—I bade her farewell for ever. To her sister I wrote more fully. I said that our tempers were so thoroughly unsuited, that no rational hope of happiness in our union could exist for either. I besought her not to persuade or induce her sister to marry the suitor, who had formerly addressed her, unless she could return his affection. Whomsoever she married, her fortune should be my care. Doubtless in a little time some one would be to her as dear as I once had fancied myself to be. "Let," I said, "no disparity in fortune, then, be an obstacle on either side; I will cheerfully give up half my own to redeem whatever affliction I may have occasioned her." With this letter I entirely satisfied my conscience.

It is almost incredible to think in how short a time the

whole of these events had been crowded—within how few weeks I had concentrated the whole history of Love!—its first mysterious sentiment—its ardent passion—its dissension—its coolness—its breach—its everlasting farewell!

In four days I received a letter from Julia's sister—(none from Julia.) It was written in a tone of pert and flippant insolence, which made me more than ever reconciled to the turn of events; but it contained one piece of news I did not hear with indifference,—Julia, had accepted the offer of her former suitor, and was to be married next week. "She bids me say (wrote the widow) that she sees at once through your pretence, under an affected wish for her happiness, to prevent her forming this respectable connexion;—she sees that you still assume the right to dictate to her, and that your offers of generosity are merely the condescensions of a fancied superiority;—she assures you, however, that your wish for her happiness is already realized."

This undeserved and insulting message completed my conquest over any lurking remorse or regret; and I did not, in my resentment at Julia's injustice, perceive how much it was the operation of a wounded vanity upon a despairing heart.

I still lingered in town; and, some days afterwards, I went to dine in the neighborhood of Westminster, at the house of one of the most jovial of boon companions. I had for some weeks avoided society: the temporary cessation gave a new edge to my zest for its pleasures. The hours flew rapidly,—my spirits rose,—and I enjoyed the present with a gusto that had been long denied to me.

On leaving the house on foot, the fineness of the night, with its frosty air and clear stars, tempted me to turn from my

direct ways homeward, and I wandered mechanically towards a scene which has already possessed to me, at night, a great attraction, viz: the bridge which divides the suburb from the very focus of the capital, with its proud Abbey and gloomy Senate! I walked to and fro the bridge,—gazing at times on the dark waters, reflecting the lights from the half-seen houses and the stars of the solemn heavens. My mind was filled with shadowy and vague presentiments: I felt awed and saddened, without a palpable cause; the late excitement of my spirits was succeeded by a melancholy reaction. I mused over the various disappointments of my life, and the Ixion-like delusion with which I had so often wooed a deity and clasped a cloud. My history with Julia made principal part of these meditations; her image returned to me irresistibly, and with renewed charms. In vain I endeavored to recuse to the feelings of self-acquittal and gratulation, which a few hours ago had actuated me; my heart was softened, and my memory refused to recall all harsher retrospection—her love, her innocence only obtruded themselves upon me, and I sighed to think that perhaps by this time she was irrevocably another's. I retraced my steps, and was now at the end of the bridge, when, just by the stairs, I perceived a crowd, and heard a vague and gathering clamor. A secret impulse hurried me to the place: I heard a policeman speaking with the eagerness which characterizes the excitement of narration.

"My suspicions were aroused," quoth he, "as I passed, and saw a female standing by the bridge. So, you see, I kept loitering there, and a minute after I went gently up, and I heard the young woman groan; and she turned round as I came up, for I frightened her; and I never shall forget her face,—it was so woe-begone,—and yet she was so young and handsome. And so, you see I spoke to her, and I said, says I, 'Young woman, what do you here at this hour?' And she said, 'I am waiting for a boat: I expect my mother from Richmond.' And, somehow or other, I was foolish enough to believe what she said—she looked so quiet and respectable like;—and I went away, you understand; and in about a minute after (for I kept near the spot) I heard a heavy splash in the water, and then I knew what it all was. I ran up, and just saw her once rise; and so, as I could not swim, I gave the alarm, and we got the boat—but it was too late."

"Poor girl!" lisped an old coster-woman; "I dare say she was crossed in love."

"What is this?" said I, mixing with the crowd.

"A young woman as has drowned herself, sir."

"Where? I do not see the body."

"It be taken to the watch-house, and the doctors are trying to recover it."

A horrible idea had crossed my mind;—unfounded, improbable as it seemed, I felt as if compelled to confirm or remove it. I made the policeman go with me to the watch-house;—I pushed away the crowd—I approached the body. Oh, God!—that white face—the heavy, dripping hair—the swollen form;—and all that decent and maiden beauty, with the coarse cover half thrown over!—and the unsympathizing surgeons standing by! and the unfamiliar faces of the women!—What a scene!—what a death-bed! Julia, Julia!—thou art dead!

It was her, then, whom I beheld; her—the victim—the self-destroyer. I hurry over the awful record. I am writing my own condemnation—stamping my own curse. They found upon the corpse a letter: drenched as it was, I yet could decipher its characters;—it was to me. It ran thus,—

"I believe now that I have been much to blame; for I am writing calmly, with a fixed determination not to live; and I see how much I have thrown away the love you once gave me. Yet I have loved you always,—how dearly, I never told you, and never can tell! But when you seemed to think so much of your—what shall I say?—your condescension in

marrying—perhaps loving—me, it maddened me to the brain; and though I would have given worlds to please you, I could not bear to see the difference in your manner, after you came to see me daily, and to think of me as a woman ought to be thought of; and this, I know, made me seem cross, and peevish, and unamiable,—but I could not help it,—and so you ceased to love me; and I felt that, and longed madly to release you from a tie you repented. The moment came for me to do so, and—we parted. Then you wrote to me, and my sister made me see in the letter what, perhaps, you did not intend; but, indeed, I was only sensible to the thought that I had lost you for ever, and that you scorned me. And then my vanity was roused,—and I knew you still loved me, and I fancied I could revenge myself upon you by marrying another. But when I came to see, and meet, and smile upon that other,—and to feel the day approach,—and to reflect that *you* had been all in all to me,—and that I was about so pass my whole life with one I loathed, after having loved so well and so entirely,—I felt I had reckoned too much on my own strength, and that I could not sustain my courage any longer. Nothing is left to me in life: the anguish I suffer is intolerable; and I have at length made up my mind to die. But think not I am a poor love-sick girl only. I am more; I am still a revengeful woman. You have deserted me, and I know myself to blame; but I cannot bear that you should forget and despise me, as you would if I were to marry. I am about to force you to remember me for ever,—to forgive me—*to love me better than you have done yet*, even when you loved me most. It is in this that I shall be revenged!"

And with this wild turmoil of contending feelings,—the pride of womanhood wrestling with the softness—forgiveness with revenge—high emotions with erring principles—agony, led on to death by one hope to be remembered and deplored;—with this contest at thy heart didst thou go down to thy watery grave!

What must have passed within thee in those brief and terrible moments, when thou stoodest by the dark waters,—hesitating—lingering—fearing—yet resolved! And I was near thee in that hour, and knew thee not—at hand, and saved not? Oh! bitter was the revenge—lasting is the remembrance! Henceforth, I ask no more of Human Affections: I stand alone on the Earth!

**ANECDOTES OF BLIND PERSONS.**—A French lady, who lost her sight at two years old, was possessed of many talents which alleviated her misfortunes. "In writing to her," it is said, "no ink is used, but the letters are pricked down on the paper; and, by the delicacy of her touch, feeling each letter, she follows them successively, and reads every word with her fingers' ends. She herself in writing makes use of a pencil, as she could not know when her pen was dry: her guide on the paper is a small thin ruler, and of the breadth of her writing. On finishing a letter, she wets it, so as to fix the traces of her pencil, that they are not obscured or effaced; then proceeds to fold and seal it, and write the direction, all by her own address, and without the assistance of any other person. Her writing is very straight, well cut, and the spelling no less correct. To reach this singular mechanism, the indefatigable cares of her affectionate mother were long employed, who, accustoming her daughter to feel letters cut in cards of pasteboard, brought her to distinguish an A from a B, and thus the whole alphabet, and afterwards to spell words; then, by the remembrance of the shape of letters, to delineate them on paper; and lastly, to arrange them so as to form words and sentences. She sews and hem perfectly well, and in all her works she threads the needle for herself, however small."

We have a very remarkable instance in John Metcalf, of Manchester, who very lately followed the occupation of conducting strangers through intricate roads during the night, or when the tracts were covered with snow. And, strange as this may appear to those who can see, the employment of this man was afterwards that of a projector and surveyor of highways in difficult and mountainous parts! With the assistance only of a staff, he has been several times seen traversing the roads, ascending precipices, exploring valleys, and investigating their several extents, forms, and situation, so as to answer his designs in the best manner. Most of the roads over the Peak in Derbyshire have been altered by his directions, particularly those in the vicinity of Buxton; and he has since constructed a new one between Wimslow and Congleton, with a view to open a communication to the great London road, without being obliged to pass over the mountains.

**SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.**—In an old magazine, printed about the year 1789, the writer, speaking of the persons whose habit it was to resort to the various tea-gardens near London, on a Sunday, calculates them to amount to 200,000. Of these, he considers that not one would go away without having spent half a crown, and consequently, the sum of £25,000 would have been spent in the course of the day: 25,000 multiplied by the number of Sundays in a year, gives, as the annual consumption of that day of rest, the immense sum of £1,000,000! The writer calculates the returning situation of these persons as follows:—Sober, 50,000; in high glee, 90,000; drunkish, 30,000; staggering tipsy, 10,000; muzzy, 15,000; dead drunk, 5000.—Total, 200,000.

## JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE.

The following interesting reminiscences of this remarkable man, were originally communicated for publication, to the editor of the New-York American, who in his introductory remarks respecting their author, says, "he is known to us as of the strictest honor and truth—though as the friends he often delights, could, if we were at liberty to name him, attest, a noted *story teller*."

It is to be hoped, that some one of the late John Randolph's intimate friends, who possesses the necessary qualifications, will undertake to give his biography to the world. He has been too remarkable a character, and has filled too large a space in public estimation, to be passed over merely with a few newspaper sketches, which will soon be lost or forgotten. Such an ardent and devoted admirer of his native State, who always exercised his brightest talents in her defence, cannot surely long remain without a biographer in Virginia, which still abounds with distinguished men. In the mean time, those who can relate any characteristic anecdotes of Mr Randolph, may be excused for indulging in such reminiscences.

It was my good fortune to cross the Atlantic with him the first time he went to England, and to pass some time with him in London; and I can unhesitatingly declare, that I never travelled with so entertaining a companion; nor have I ever met with his equal for diversity of knowledge. If my memory were as good as his was, I could write a very amusing book of his sayings and anecdotes, historical, biographical, political, classical, theological, &c., but as it is not, I can only venture to relate a few of the more striking circumstances which occurred whilst we were together.

The first time I ever saw Mr Randolph was the morning on which we embarked in the packet ship *Amity* for Liverpool, March 16, 1822.

I was introduced to him by a mutual friend, who casually mentioned, at the moment, that I was an Irishman. Shortly afterwards, Mr R. came up and addressed me as follows:—"I am very happy, Sir, to meet with an Irishman, for I love your country, and admire your sons—and daughters too, Sir. Miss Edgeworth is my great favorite. I know her works almost by heart. By the way, perhaps you can solve a difficulty which has often puzzled me in the geography of Ireland. Why is it, Sir, that in every map of Ireland I have ever seen, the town of Ballinasloe is placed on the *wrong* side of the river Suck?"

I could not forbear laughing at the singularity of the question, whilst I replied—"As we are to be fellow-passengers, Mr Randolph, I may as well confess my ignorance at once, by declaring that I not only cannot answer your query, but I really was not before aware that there was a river of that name in Ireland, never having visited Ballinasloe;" and I then asked—"How came you to know the localities of Ireland so minutely?" "By books, conversation, and the blessing of a memory which never forgets anything," he replied. In fact, we were not two days together, before I discovered that he was intimately acquainted with every part of England, Ireland, and Scotland—not only as to cities and towns, but gentlemen's country seats; and he knew the history of every celebrated horse-race and of every race-horse in England. He was very fond of displaying his knowledge of the most minute facts on these points, and it was very agreeable to myself and the other passengers to listen to him.

Just before we sailed, the Washington papers were received announcing the defeat of the Bankrupt bill by a small majority. At the moment, I forgot that Randolph had been one of its most determined opponents, and I spoke with the feelings of a Merchant when I said to him—"Have you heard the very bad news from Washington this morning?" "No sir," replied he with eagerness, "what is it?" "Why sir, I am sorry to tell you that the House of Representatives have thrown out the Bankrupt bill by a small majority." "Sorry, sir!" exclaimed he, and then taking off his hat and looking upwards he added most emphatically, "thank God for all His mercies!" After a short pause he continued, "how delighted I am to think that I helped to give that hateful bill a *kick*—yes, sir, this very day week I spoke for three hours against it, and my friends, who forced me to make the effort, were good enough to say that I never had made a more successful speech; it must have had *some* merit, sir, for I assure you that whilst I was speaking, *although the Northern mail was announced, not a single member left his seat to look for letters*, a circumstance which had not occurred before during the session!" I endeavored to combat his objections to a Bankrupt Bill subsequently, but of course without any success; he felt as a *Planter*, and was very jealous of the influence of *Merchants* as Legislators.

One of our company was an excellent chess player, and frequently challenged Randolph to a game, but for a long time he refused. "I have not played at chess, sir," said he, "for seventeen years, and cannot recur to the last game I played but with unpleasant feelings, for it lost me a friend for ever. You have heard, I dare say, of my intimacy with Mr Jefferson, but perhaps you don't know that he took more pride in his skill at chess than in any thing else—very few indeed, sir, could beat him, and he could not endure defeat. I was aware of this, and had always declined playing with him, because I was his match, until one unfortunate evening,

when he touched my Virginian pride in so pointed a way I could no longer refuse, and we sat down at the game. I soon cried 'check-mate,' and he never forgave me afterwards!"

Mr Randolph had a large box full of books with him which he was taking to England to get bound. I asked him why he had not sent them to Philadelphia or New York for that purpose. "What sir," said he, "patronize our Yankee task-masters who have imposed such a duty upon foreign books! never, sir, never! I will neither wear what they make, nor eat what they raise, so long as my purse can get supplies from *old* England, and until I can have my books properly bound *south* of 'Mason and Dixon's line,' I shall employ John Bull!" One day at dinner the Captain said, "Mr Randolph, will you allow me to help you to some codfish?" "No, sir, it comes from New England," was his laconic reply. Whenever he praised any northern man, it was always with this limitation—"He is the cleverest man I know, north of the Potomac!"

On Sundays he used to read for us a chapter in the Bible or part of the Church service, and once he made an extemporaneous prayer; and he never would permit any reflections to be cast upon religion without a very pointed rebuke. He told me that for many years he had been corrupted by the infidelity which prevailed amongst many of the leading politicians at Washington; but that in the year 1816, during a severe fit of illness, he had a remarkable vision, which completely dispelled the delusions under which he had surrendered his faith, and that since then he had been a firm believer in Christianity. He shewed me a letter which he wrote immediately after this illness addressed to a bosom friend in Virginia, in which he gave a circumstantial detail of his "conversion," as he always termed it, and he even gave the words which were uttered in his ears by his invisible monitor during the vision. "This letter," said he to me, "contains nothing but the truth, strange as it may appear to you, and it would make me miserable to doubt it!" Whilst conversing on this subject, he told me that the late Mr Pinkney of Baltimore had assured him, just previous to his death, of his unshaken belief in the truths of Christianity. Of Mr Jefferson, however, he gave a very different account, which I can now readily believe after having read his letters, although at the time (1822) I thought Randolph was too strongly prejudiced against him.

## No. II.

Virginia was one of his favorite topics, and the enthusiasm with which he spoke of her was delightful. "But alas!" he used sometimes to say, "the days of her glory are past. Old Virginia is no more. The title of Virginia gentleman, which used, in my young days, to be our boast, has almost become obsolete, for which we have to thank the repeal of the good old English laws of primogeniture. It was a great mistake, sir, made by our politicians to break down our native aristocracy. It gave us an ascendancy in the councils of the Nation, which we are now fast losing—the glory of Israel has departed."

His three greatest living favorites were Nathaniel Macon (whom he always called "Uncle Nat"), Judge Marshall and Mr Tazewell; even when playing at whist, if any contest arose on the rules of the game, he used playfully to exclaim—"I'll leave it to Uncle Nat and Tazewell—their decisions are *law* with me."

In speaking of authors, I found that he was a great admirer of Milton, but he did not like Young, Thomson, Johnson, or Southeby. His classification of modern poems was very curious. "Sir, I place first on the list 'Tom Crib's memorial to Congress,' next 'The two-penny post bag,' and third, 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage'; but I can't go (a favorite expression) Moore's songs—they are too sentimental." In looking over his books one day, I discovered 'Fanny,' Mr Halleck's very amusing satirical poem. "I am glad," said I, "that you do not proscribe Yankee poetry as well as Yankee codfish."—"No sir," replied he, "I always admire talent, no matter where it comes from; and I consider this little work as the best specimen of American poetry that has yet been given to the world. I shall take it to England with me and present it to the lady whose talents and conversation I shall most admire." When I afterwards met him in London, I recollect this conversation, and asked—"Well, Mr Randolph, who got 'Fanny'?" "Your countrywoman, Miss Edgeworth—she has no competitor in my estimation."

But, to return to our voyage—he proposed that we should read 'Fanny' together, to which I willingly consented, and here I must regret that I cannot do justice to his readings—but my memory is at fault,—whenever he came to any allusion in the poem, either personal or political, up went his spectacles and down went the book, and he introduced some anecdote to the point, or told some story of his first visit to New York; and in this most entertaining way we took three mornings to get through 'Fanny.' I wish I could embody the "context" which he gave to the "text" as we went along; all I can say, is, that it was worthy of the poem, and I am sure that Mr Halleck would have been flattered to have had such an able commentator.

He showed me his note book, which was a strange medley about horses, slaves, epitaphs, pieces cut out of newspapers, receipts, congressional anecdotes, quotations, &c. &c. He also kept a regular diary, and could tell at whose house he dined every day in Washington—who the company were—

and the leading topics of conversation. Pointing to a particular date he said, "Sir, I shall never forget a circumstance that occurred at Mr —'s table. There was a large company, and amongst them a hoary headed debauchee, whose vices had brought him to the verge of the grave—he had the audacity, sir, to call in question the existence of the Deity—presuming, I suppose, that there were some kindred spirits present. I happened to sit opposite to him, and was so disgusted by his impiety, that I could not avoid exclaiming—I think, sir, you might better have been silent on that subject; for, judging from *appearances*, in a very short time you will have *ocular proof* of the power of that God, whose existence you now question." He turned pale with anger, and trembled, but made no reply, and the company soon afterwards broke up, but I never again noticed him.—Perhaps I was wrong, sir, in correcting him, but you know I am 'hair trigger' I go off at 'half-cock'!"

When speaking of his younger days, he used to say that whatever mental advantages he possessed, were owing to the assiduous care of his mother—and he used to speak of her in the most glowing terms of filial affection, never using her name without the exclamation of "My Mother—God bless her!"

He made us well acquainted with his favorite slave "Juba," whom he daily cited for some good quality or another. "He has not half the talents of my man Juba, sir," was a frequent expression, when discussing the merits of a politician whom he disliked.

His knowledge of the most important light houses, points of land, latitude and longitude of places, was very great, and astonished even our Captain, with whom he made several amusing bets on the subject, which, by the way, he always won. Two or three days before we made the land, we were sitting on deck, whilst the Captain was taking an observation at noon. "Pray," said Randolph, "what is our latitude and longitude now?" The Captain told him. "How do we head by the compass?" This also was told him. "Now, Captain," continued he, "can you tell me 'off the book,' what land we shall first make if we continue on our present course?"—"Why," replied the Captain, "if you show me the chart, I'll tell you in a minute." "Oh no!" exclaimed Randolph, "you must go by head work—I say we shall hit 'Sligo head,' and I'll back my opinion by a pipe of wine or Schuydam gin," a favorite bet with him. "I won't bet any more," replied the Captain, "but I shall prove you to be wrong by the chart, for I say we shall make the Mull of Cantire." The chart was produced—the compass used—the line drawn, and—"By George, you're *always* right," shouted the Captain, as the line touched Sligo Head—"I'll never contradict any assertion of yours again, Mr Randolph, upon any point."

On the 5th of April we made the land about twelve o'clock, but as the wind had varied after Randolph's prediction about "Sligo Head," we first saw the mountains of Donegall, which are farther north. After we had gone some hundred and fifty miles along the coast, which is very barren to the eye, Randolph said to me, "Well sir, I now believe the story told by Arthur Young, of a farmer who took his son out walking a few miles distant from his home in the County Meath—they passed a *tree*—the boy stopped and asked, 'Father, what is *that*?' never having seen one before! Here we have been sailing by Ireland for a whole day, and I have not laid eyes yet on a single tree!"

I assisted Randolph in assorting his papers, books, &c. a day or two before we reached Liverpool, and he insisted upon presenting me with several of them; but at length he became so very generous I positively refused to receive any more. I happened to mention that I had forgotten in the hurry of departure to procure "Waite's State Papers," which had recently been published by order of Congress, for my father, who was fond of all such American publications.—"Sir," said Randolph instantly, "he shall have my copy."—"By no means," replied I, "you have already been too liberal, and I positively refuse to accept another book from you."—"Pray, Sir," rejoined he, in a half-comic, half-serious way—"do you hold a power of attorney from your father to take or reject all presents made to him?"—if you do, produce it—let us see the seal—if not, the question admits of no argument. I do not give *you* the books, as you don't deserve them—they are your father's, Sir; and if you refuse to take them, I shall find another carrier!" I had previously told him that my grandfather had been very kind to those Americans who visited Cork during the Revolutionary War, for which he had received the thanks of Congress, through General Washington, who had also sent him his miniature likeness in a gold ring, which the family felt very proud of.

After the conversation about the books, he sat down and wrote the following letter on his knee, addressed to my father:

"Amity, at Sea, April 4, 1822,  
"Lat. 54 30. long. 13 E.

"Sir: Having had the pleasure of an introduction to your son by Mr —, of New-York, on the morning of our embarkation for Liverpool, I have taken the liberty to order my bookseller at Washington to send to your address a copy of Waite's State Papers, printed by order of Congress.

"I am not too young to remember the capture of Burgoine: and most of the subsequent events of our struggle for independence are also indelibly impressed upon my memory. As the countryman of Washington, (for I too am

a Virginian!) I offer these records of the Government of which he was the founder, to the son of that man, who received, through him, the thanks of Congress for his humanity and kindness to our poor Americans, during those times.

"The enclosed Coat-of-arms, if pasted in the first volume, will be evidence unquestionable of your title.

"I am, sir, your father's obliged fellow-creature, and your humble servant, JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke, Charlotte county, Virginia."

I may here add, that the said books were forwarded from Washington to New-York, and unfortunately put on board the packet ship Liverpool, which was lost in the ice on her first voyage, and every thing went down but the passengers and crew, who were saved in the long-boat. My father therefore only received the preceding letter, much to his disappointment.

#### BEE STORY.

A friend told me the other day a bee story; and were he not a man on whose word I can rely, I should set it down as a real Munchausen. Such as it is, you shall have it:

In Wythe county, Virginia, in a spur of the Alleghany Mountains, called the "Tobacco Row," is a perpendicular ledge of rock fronting the south east about fifty feet high—an open sunny situation. About thirty feet from the base a horizontal crack or fissure opens in the rock, from half an inch to six inches in width, and extending near eighty feet in length. How deep this fissure extends into the mountains is not known, as no one has ever examined it. *This fissure is full of Bees!* Their number is so great that in the summer time they hang out in huge clusters for several feet above and below the fissure, in its whole length. A short distance above are two other cracks, containing earth, in which grow some little chinquapin bushes, and these are covered with the bees. They frequently go off in huge swarms, like a barrel or hogshead in bulk, and are often compelled to return, finding no place large enough to contain them. In the spring, previous to commencing their labors, the dead bees, remnants of comb, and cleanings of the habitation which are brought out and dropped by them, make a *win-row* of a foot in height the whole length of the opening.

My informant saw it in the month of June, when immense number of bees were out on the surface, making great patches of rock black with their swarming masses. The oldest inhabitants say that the first settlers found the bees there, and the Indians told them that there oldest traditions knew nothing of its origin. *It was always there.*

No one has ever been found bold enough to attempt its plunder, or to examine the place where they are. It is, in fact, too dangerous an enterprise to meddle with.

If these facts be so, and I cannot doubt it, does it not form rather a new feature from that generally received in the history of the bee? I rather guess there is more than one queen in that hive! By the way, I fear that I am going to have all this bee discussion to myself. But we'll see.

Do none of the correspondents of the American Farmer live near this great bee hive? If so, I should be most gratified to hear further about it.—*GENESEE FARMER.*

The word *FAST* is as great a contradiction as we have in the language. The *Delaware* was *FAST*, because the ice was immovable; and the ice disappeared very *FAST*, for the contrary reason—it was loose. A clock is called *FAST*, when it goes quicker than time; but a man is told to stand *FAST*, when he is desired to remain stationary. People *FAST* when they have nothing to eat; and eat *FAST*, consequently, when opportunity offers. The precept "make haste slowly," involves a kind of contradiction; but we suppose that it means if you wish to go fast, in an uncertain path, take *FAST* hold of every assistance.

#### The Arts.

From Babbage on the Economy of Manufactures.

#### OF COPYING WITH ALTERED DIMENSIONS.

**PENTAGRAPH.**—This mode of copying is chiefly used for drawings or maps: the instrument is simple; and, although usually employed in reducing, is capable of enlarging the size of the copy produced. An automaton figure, which drew profiles of its visitors, and which was exhibited in London a short time since, was regulated by a mechanism on this principle. A small aperture in the wall, opposite the seat in which the person is placed whose profile is taken, conceals a camera lucida. If an assistant moves a point, connected by a pentagraph with the hand of the automaton, over the outline of the head, a corresponding profile is traced by the figure.

**ROSE ENGINE-TURNING.**—This elegant art depends in a great measure on copying. The *rosettes*, or circular plates of metal, having various indentations on the faces or edges which are placed on the mandril, oblige the cutting tool to trace out the same pattern on the work, and the distance of the cutting tool from the centre being usually less than the radius of the *rosette*, causes the copy to be much diminished.

**COPYING DIES.**—A lathe has been long known in France, and recently been used at the English mint, for copying dies. A blunt point is carried by a very slow spiral movement suc-

cessively over every part of the die to be copied, and is pressed by a weight into all the cavities; while a cutting point connected with it by the machine traverses the face of a piece of soft steel, in which it cuts on the same, or on a diminished scale, the device on the original die. The degree of excellence of the copy increases in proportion as it is smaller than the original. The die of a crown-piece will furnish by copy a very tolerable die for a sixpence. But the chief use to be expected from this lathe is to prepare all the coarser parts, and leave only the finer and more expressive lines for the skill and genius of the artist.

An instrument not very dissimilar in principle to this was proposed for the purpose of making shoe lasts. A pattern last of a shoe for the right foot was placed in one part of the apparatus, and when the machine was moved, two pieces of wood, placed in another part which had been previously adjusted by screws, were cut into lasts greater or less than the original, as was desired; and although the pattern was for the right foot, one of the lasts was for the left, an effect which was produced by merely interposing between the two pieces to be cut into lasts a wheel which reversed the motion.

**ENGINE FOR COPYING BUSTS.**—Many years since, the late Mr Watt amused himself with constructing an engine to produce copies of busts or statues, either of the same size as the original, or in a diminished proportion. The substances on which he operated were various, and some of the results were shown to his friends, but the mechanism by which they were made has never been described. More recently, Mr Hawkins, who had also contrived several years ago a similar machine, has placed it in the hands of an artist, who has made copies in ivory of variety of busts. The art of multiplying in different sizes the figures of the sculptor, aided by that of rendering their acquisition cheap through the art of casting, promises to give additional value to his productions, and to diffuse more widely the pleasure arising from their possession.

**SCREW-CUTTING.**—When this operation is performed in the lathe by means of a screw upon the *mandril*, it is essentially an art of copying, but it is only the number of threads in a given length which is copied; the form of the thread and length, as well as the diameter of the screw to be cut, are entirely independent of those from which the copy is made. There is another method of cutting screws in a lathe by means of one pattern screw, which, being connected by wheels with the *mandril*, guides the cutting point. In this process, unless the time of revolution of the *mandril* is the same as that of the screw which guides the cutting point, the number of threads in a given length will be different. If the *mandril* move quicker than the cutting-point, the screw which is produced will be finer than the original; if it move slower, the copy will be more coarse than the original. The screw thus generated may be finer or coarser—it may be larger or smaller in diameter—it may have the same or a greater number of threads than that from which it is copied; yet all the defects which exist in the original will be accurately transmitted under the modified circumstances to every individual generated from it.

**LACE MADE BY CATERPILLARS.**—A most extraordinary species of manufacture, which is in a slight degree connected with copying, has been contrived by an officer of engineers, residing at Munich. It consists of lace, and veils, with open patterns in them, made entirely by caterpillars. The following is the mode of proceeding adopted:—Having made a paste of the leaves of the plant, on which the species of caterpillar he employs feeds, he spreads it thinly over a stone, or other flat substance, of the required size. He then, with a camel-hair pencil dipped in olive oil, draws the pattern he wishes the insects to leave open. This stone is then placed in an inclined position, and a considerable number of the caterpillars are placed at the bottom. A peculiar species is chosen, which spins a strong web; and the animals commence at the bottom, eating and spinning their way up to the top, carefully avoiding every part touched by the oil, but devouring every other part of the paste. The extreme lightness of these veils, combining with some strength, is truly surprising. One of them, measuring twenty-six and a half inches by seventeen inches, weighing only 1-51 grains, a degree of lightness which will appear more strongly by contrast with other fabrics. One square yard of the substance of which these veils are made, weighs four grains and one third, whilst one square yard of silk gauze weighs one hundred and thirty-seven grains, and one square yard of the finest patent net, weighs two hundred and sixty-two grains and a half.

**PAPER CARPETS.**—Paper carpets are formed by cutting out and sewing together pieces of linen, cotton, Scotch gauze, canvass, or any similar material, &c., to the size and form required; then stretching the prepared cloth on the floor of a large room, and carefully pasting it round the margins so as to keep it strained tight. If cotton be the material, it will require to be previously wetted. When the cloth thus fixed is dry, lay on it two or more coats of strong paper, breaking joint, and finish with colored or hanging paper, according to fancy. Centre or corner pieces, cut out of remnants of papers, which may be bought for a mere trifle, may be laid on the self-colored ground, and the whole surrounded by a border; or any other method adopted which may suit the taste or circumstances of the occupier, or accord with the other furniture of the room. When the carpet is thus prepared,

and quite dry, it should receive two coats of glue, or size made from the shreds of skins, such as is used by carvers and gilders. This size should be put on as warm as possible, and care should be taken that no part of the carpet should be left untouched by it, otherwise the varnish to be afterwards laid on will sink into the paper and spoil it. When the size is perfectly dry, the carpet should have one or more coats of boiled oil; and when that is dry, a coat of copal or any other varnish. The varnish is not absolutely essential, as boiled oil has been found to answer very well without it: but where oil only is used, it requires several more coats to be applied, and takes a much longer time to dry. These carpets are portable, and will roll up with about the same ease as oil cloth. They are very durable, are easily cleaned, and, if made of well chosen patterns, have a very handsome appearance.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF COTTAGE, &c. ARCHI.

#### THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1833.

**JONATHAN-JANA.**—We have noticed a number of clumsy attempts at versification, which are going the rounds of the newspapers, under the head of *poetry*, with the titles of "Jonathan's Visit to the Printing Office," "Jonathan's Visit to Thanksgiving," "Jonathan's Visit to the Cattle-Show," and "Jonathan's Visit to—a great variety of other places, names not recollect; the authorship of all which, has been in one place or another, ascribed to us.

The fact is, that the lines, "Jonathan's Visit to the Cotton Factory," and those entitled "Jonathan's Visit to the Steam Boat," were furnished by us, several years ago, to the columns of the Providence Journal. In these, we introduced the *true original Jonathan* to the public; and these two, and only these, are our own. But in thus bringing Jonathan forward, we had not the least idea that we should ever be obliged to see our name coupled with the whole of this interminable brood of his awkward and misshapen brothers and cousins. But to our great surprize and amazement, no sooner were our two harmless effusions sent forth, than like the armed host from the dragon's teeth of Cadmus, there sprung up a phalanx of *spurious Jonathans*, each one bearing our name, as he came limping forward, to make his clumsy obeisance for the favor and attention of the public.

We had hoped, that this whole host of pseudo-Jonathans had made their exit forever; but on looking over our exchange papers, we see that those of the number whose "visits" we mentioned at the commencement of this article, have again come forth, and are making another general *visitation* through the country; each one in succession, announced as the production of "the Editor of the Literary Journal." We fear that the whole train is about to follow, and have no desire to witness the march of the ungainly procession.

We have no objection to these false Jonathans making as many "visits" as they please, provided they do not claim an introduction under our name, or go about the country from door to door, distributing our stolen cards. We bore the first infliction with characteristic patience; but we dread its repetition. So long as the doggrel was not *much* worse than our own, we hold our peace; but as each succeeding Jonathanism became more outrageous than the last, we found that we must either be Jonathaned to death, or speak out, and endure it no longer. We have no objection to bearing the burthen of our own sins; but to have the whole load of this senseless trash laid upon our shoulders, is a little to much. Some of it is worse than any thing which we ever saw in an Album.

To the authorship of the two which we have mentioned, we have hung down our head, and pleaded guilty. But touching the spurious counterfeits and imitations thereof, we had, in the manufacture of these, no part, either as principal, or as accessory before or after the fact. And in order that we may be heard,—in order that our name, from henceforth, may no more be thus used; we do now cry aloud most vehemently, and raise our voice with exceeding great strength. We have nothing to do with these things. We know not these false Jonathans, we never did narrate the visits of but two of that name, and do not think that we shall ever undertake the job for another. Verily we have too much of the true yankee blood in our veins, to have ever been guilty of any such tasteless and unheard of perversions of the real genuine yankee dialect.

A STATEMENT OF REASONS for not believing the Doctrines of Trinitarians concerning the nature of God, and the person of Christ. By Andrews Norton. Cambridge, Brown, Shattuck, & Co. Booksellers to the University, 1833, 12 mo. pp. 331.

Whatever may be thought of the doctrinal bearings of this work, to which we shall of course make no reference, it will be found, in its whole style and execution, worthy the high reputation of its author. The book will take rank with the best in that department of theology to which it belongs. Professor Norton, though writing on some of the tenderest points of controversy, has kept entirely free from the abuse of opponents, and the bitter zeal of sectarianism, which are so often found in the pages of works of this kind. It is a rare thing in these days of books, to see one written with such evident care, not merely nor principally, as regards the finish and beauty of its sentences, but chiefly as regards the management of the argument and the statement of propositions and principles. On all these accounts, as well the intrinsic importance of the topics it treats, it commends itself to the examination of the public.

THE SHRINE, conducted by a number of under-graduates of Amherst College. We have received the fourth and fifth numbers of the second volume. A hasty glance over the numbers, gave us a favorable impression of their merit, which has not been diminished by a more careful examination.—Several of the articles would do credit to pages of much higher pretensions. On the whole, the work reflects honor upon the institution from which it emanates; and is remarkably free from the puerilities which are too frequently met in periodicals which have been established under similar auspices.

THE KNICKERBACKER.—This popular Magazine is to be issued in a new and improved form, and cannot fail to attract increased attention under the management of its new editor, Rev. Timothy Flint, one of the most chaste and elegant writers in our country.

LECTURES ON PHRENOLOGY.—Dr. Barber's course on Phrenology will commence, this evening, at the Mechanics' Hall. It will consist of eight lectures, which the interesting nature of the subject and the well known qualifications of the lecturer cannot fail to render highly attractive.

#### LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH AND VOLTAIRE.

Translated from the Original French, for the Literary Journal.

MR EDITOR.—The following is an extract from the "Memoirs of Louis XVIII," collected and arranged by direction of the Duke De D\*\*\*\*\*, a work which has lately appeared in France, and which, I believe, has not been translated into English. The extract contains an account, in the words of Louis, of a private interview between himself and Voltaire. When we consider the relative situation of these two distinguished individuals, this narrative of their conversation, as recorded by one of the parties, is a subject of no little interest. Some of your readers perhaps may not agree with the expressions of the philosopher upon the subject of religion, while speaking of the church establishment of France. I do not wish to be considered as adopting those sentiments, of which I must be considered merely as the translator. I will however, remark, that although Voltaire was not a religious man, he was certainly a very benevolent one. He believed that all the obligations of man to man, were contained in the universal rule—Do unto others, as you would that others should do unto you; and do not unto others, as you would not that others should do unto you.

B.

#### TRANSLATION.

Voltaire arrived suddenly at Paris, about the middle of February, after an absence of twenty years. His appearance set the whole capital in motion; all were eager to see and approach him. The house of the Marquis de Villette, where he resided, on the Quai des Théatins, was constantly thronged. During the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, a secret *Lettre de Cachet* had been issued, forbidding his residence in Paris. This was still in force; and application was made to me, requesting my influence for its repeal. The negotiation with me was very happily conducted by the applicant on the part

of Voltaire, the Count d' Argental; of whose appearance, my memory still retains a vivid impression, with his wig like the nest of a magpie, and the bewildered air and solemn countenance which he wore even on occasions of the slightest consequence.

I accordingly undertook to procure the desired favor for this man of genius; but was obliged to work under the veil of secrecy; for I could not venture to appear publicly as his protector, on account of the strongly expressed views of the king, which were supported by those of the queen. I must render justice to D' Argental, who on this occasion, at least, succeeded in restraining his disposition to conceal nothing. M. de Maurepas, who, although from some cause of which I am ignorant, was not in favor with Voltaire, assisted me in my undertaking. We failed however in the attempt to procure the *repeal* of the *lettre de cachet*, but at length obtained a promise that it should appear to have been *forgotten*; provided Voltaire should conduct in such a manner as to prevent the necessity of its being recalled to memory.

So strong was his desire of remaining in Paris, that he made not the least objection to the proposed conditions. His arrival had been sudden, in order that no time should be allowed the clergy for any intrigue against his contemplated return. This was most fortunate: for no sooner had his presence been announced, than some priests, whose own sins should have rendered them more considerate for those of others, expressed their indignation at the event. I apprehended that the moment had come, in which he was to be again exiled; and could not restrain my anger against M. de Maurepas, who appeared willing to abandon him.

I must confess that I had a strong desire to see Voltaire; but I did not dare to avow it. The king having decided that he should not come to Versailles, I of course could not receive him there; and I perceived that if my desire was to be gratified, it was necessary that it should be done in a private manner, I therefore determined to conceal my rank, and to call on him *incognito*. The Marquis de Villette was the only person entrusted with the secret, which I feel confident he did not betray.

The interview was conducted in the following manner.—The Patriarch of Ferney (the appellation most frequently used in speaking of Voltaire,) was slowly recovering from illness, and as his health required attention, it was easy for him to deny himself to any who might call on him. On one evening (probably however, without his knowledge,) the Swiss porter was accordingly directed to refuse admission to all the admirers of the great man; and I entered the house privately in company with Montesquieu and Modene. I desired to be announced as the "Baron de Rouviere," a fictitious title which was assumed for the occasion and to be relinquished in an hour. We found the idol of the day, buried in a morning gown of *bleu lampas*, embroidered with flowers of gold and silver, resembling the vestments of a priest. He wore a cotton cap, covered with another of black velvet trimmed with fur and embroidered with gold. It was a present from "la Catau du Nord," (Kate of the North,) as he called the Empress Catherine. "Catau" is an appellation usually given to certain peasant girls of Auvergne.

From his eyes, which sparkled with the fire of genius, there peered an expression of malicious wit. On opening his mouth, he displayed a jaw totally deprived of teeth; and his thin and pale lips were often compressed by a sardonic smile. His aquiline nose almost came in contact with his long and crooked chin,—while the tanned and wrinkled skin which covered the projecting knobs of his cheek bones, gave to his countenance, a ghastly and cadaverous appearance.

At our approach, he rose, and listened to my compliments with the air of one to whom such attentions were familiar; and without any enquiry respecting my name or rank, (a fact which gave me reason to think that he suspected the truth,) began a conversation full of wit and gaiety. I, rather maliciously, enquired whether he intended to present himself at Court.

Voltaire.—To me, that is a *labyrinth* of which I have lost the *thread*. What could I do there? Where there are only "de bons menages" (good couples,) an old bachelor must "faire triste figure," (make a dull appearance.)

Voltaire.—But you would pay your homage to the king?

Voltaire.—The incense which is wafted to the gods, is not the less acceptable because it comes from a great distance.

Louis.—You will find Paris much changed during your absence.

Voltaire.—Yes—its inhabitants begin to *think*. I hope they will not long delay to *act*.

Voltaire.—And with what intention?

Voltaire.—For the common happiness. Has not the king himself set the example?

Voltaire.—To say nothing of the clergy; (smiling) they are the *torch* which guides us.

Voltaire.—(With a grimace) They rather endeavor to put out all the *candles*. (lumieres.)

Voltaire.—You are severe upon this subject.

Voltaire.—Superstition is the curse of nations: and those gentlemen (the priests) are careful to propagate it, everywhere.

Voltaire.—It is fortunate that there are Parliaments to arrest the evil in its course.

Voltaire replied by a second grimace, but after a short silence, said with vivacity:

God forbid, that the lamb which escapes from the jaws of the *wolf*, should fall into the power of a faithless *dog*, which under promises of protection, tears it in pieces without pity. But happily, there are in France, noble and generous hearts, who declare themselves in favor of the oppressed; and these certainly will not restore power to the priesthood, eager for revenge.

Had I been known by Voltaire, I should have considered this compliment as addressed to myself; but pretending not to have noticed it, I turned the conversation, by inquiring in what manner History might be studied to most advantage.

Voltaire.—I consider in regard to that, as well as every other subject, we should admit what is *possible*, and reject what is *improbable*; for we must distrust historians as well as romance writers, who do not often scruple to join fiction to reality.

Voltaire.—So then, we can have but a very imperfect idea of ancient history?

Voltaire.—There are some facts at least, respecting which we cannot be deceived; those which represent the vices and corruptions of a State—its people groaning under the weight of taxes and despotism—hatred and revenge—there you have the history of all nations and of all ages.

This analysis of so many celebrated authors, appeared to me satirical; and I so informed him, conveying my thoughts by some happily chosen expressions; for it is not often the case, that genius does not communicate some spark of its own fire to those who come in contact with it. I then endeavored to lead Voltaire to some conversation respecting himself. I praised his works, as one who understood and appreciated them. Modene and Montesquieu joined in my eulogium; and recited, with animation, several passages from the Henriade, Merope, and the Pucelle. The Patriarch of Ferney appeared to receive gratification while listening; but suddenly interrupting them, he said: There is one line which I prefer to all others, it is this,

"J ai fait un peu de bien, c'est mon meilleur ouvrage." (I have done a *little good*, that is my *best work*.)

Voltaire.—Then you have acquired some right in the kingdom of Heaven.

Voltaire.—(smiling) Rather in that of *Darkness*; for as I have spoken somewhat lightly of the inhabitants of Olympus, it may be, that sooner than I wish it, they will send me into the society of Socrates, Trajan and Marcus Aurelius.

Voltaire.—You would be in very good company.

Voltaire.—In a very *royal* one, at least.

This was a keen retort; but my situation forbade any reply.

I have but imperfectly repeated the language of Voltaire, which never received any improvement in passing through the mouth of an other person. If I have not succeeded in giving his exact words, I have at least faithfully rendered their meaning. I departed, highly pleased with the interview; and with the hope of seeing him again; but this was prevented by his death. He expired on the 28th of May following.

## THE RATTLESNAKE AND DOVE.

The following hasty effusion was suggested by a view of one of the plates for Audubon's American Ornithology, representing a group of birds endeavoring to protect their nest from the attack of a serpent.

How fair the broken sunbeams throw  
Their chequered light and shade  
O'er the mossy bough where the gentle dove  
Her nestling place has made;  
Where the hoard of cherished treasures  
Which within its circle rest,  
Are drawing forth the warmth of life  
From her soft and patient breast.  
  
But see, where the deeper foliage throws  
Its shadow long and dark,  
That serpent form, which silent clings  
To the spotted and silvery bark.  
Its glossy head is peering forth  
From the bough to which it cleaves,  
And its winding length is gliding up  
Through the crushed and trembling leaves.  
  
Now, backward for the fatal spring,  
Is drawn its angry crest;  
And its deadly, forked, and quivering tongue  
Is brandished o'er the nest.  
And hark! that short quick cry, which warns  
The victim of her fate;  
For the serpent's glance has met the eye  
Of her ever watchful mate.  
  
The mother, at that fearful sound,  
Has sprung with wild affright  
From the warm and cherished resting place  
Of her innocent delight.  
But there she stands, in agony,  
And will not thence depart,  
Though the naked point of the venomous fang  
Is ready for her heart.  
  
Though instant fate awaits her,  
Though death is in delay,  
The gentle and devoted one  
Will never flee away.  
One glance of the bright and flashing eye,  
One spring of the arrowy head—  
And the faithful bird, on her crimsoned nest,  
Lies motionless and dead.  
  
And thus it is with human life—  
How many scenes like this  
Make desolate and cold the homes  
Of the purest earthly bliss.  
From each of Nature's lessons,  
From all her joy and pain,  
From every thing she yields us here,  
A moral we may gain.  
  
And when I see the innocent  
To desperation stung,  
Or peace destroyed by the serpent hiss  
Of the slanderer's venomous tongue,  
Or see the spoiler's coil around  
The quiet home of love,  
It will ever bring to memory  
The Rattlesnake and Dove.

A. G. G.

For the Literary Journal.

## MR. HANSEN'S CONCERT.

MR. EDITOR.—There was rather an unusual assemblage of the taste and fashion of our city at Mr. Hansen's concert on Wednesday evening. The silent attention of the audience, was an unequivocal expression of the satisfaction with which they listened to the "concord of sweet sounds" issuing from the Eastern part of the hall. The Society of Amateurs who volunteered their aid to Mr. H. on the occasion, evinced their recent improvement in consequence of *his aid*, at the very first passage of the first Overture. Their performances have gained in *quality* all they have happily lost in *quantity* of sound.

The first Overture, I cannot say I was pleased with. It

has been popular so long, that I have become as tired of hearing it, as the Athenians were of hearing Aristides called the just. I would give it the ostracism for a few years. Neither does the noisy style of its composition, generally so taking, suit my, perhaps, fastidious, ear, especially without a full Orchestra. Mr. H. in his "GRAND FANTASY," certainly displayed powers of execution, uncommon in this country, upon that most difficult instrument, the violin. He was perfectly at home on every part of the finger board, from the nut to the bridge; and his speaking bow would articulate distinctly the most rapid succession of notes. His arpeggio was inimitable. The tone of his violin however, though good, was certainly not equal to his execution. A rapid execution surprises, but a dulcet tone delights us.

The sweet flute and the mellow tenor, accompanied so handsomely by Mr. Hansen's Spanish guitar, formed a charming trio.

The Overture to Lodoiska, though one of Kreutzer's happiest combinations, has been too much worn, for frequent use. It is like a well written pamphlet that one has read through so often as to anticipate all that follows the title page. The Philharmonic society never played it with so much spirit before. The Lento movement was touched in the style in which the author must have conceived it. The March movement was played with too much rapidity to be strictly *a la militaire*. I admit, this heightened the contrast with the slow movement; but I think even contrasts may be carried to extremes. I also admit that fashion has introduced the modern rail-road-rate of travelling, into music, with a high accelerating pressure towards the close; so that the Allegros of Haydn and Pleyel are now *pressed* into prestos, with a new hurry at every strain. This will of course be popular, because it is animating to every ear. But I think, as the study of music becomes more general in our country, this fashion will subside. The glee were simple and unpretending, but very acceptable. Mr. Bugard, our accomplished teacher of the French language and learned lecturer on the subject of language generally, highly gratified the audience by singing his national Marseilles Hymn in French. Not that he excels, or pretends to excel as a singer. But he pronounced the French poetry with so much eloquence and animation, that all were delighted.

Mr. Hansen's performances on the flute and piano forte, were very respectable, but not so superior as his violin and viola. His "TENOR FANTASY," was more pleasing to my *fantasy*, than any other part of the performance; especially those variations which were more distinguished for exquisite tone and elegant style, than for rapid execution. On the whole, Mr. Hansen's concert went off well, and gave him an opportunity of convincing the musical public, that he is an able instructor and composer.

AN AMATEUR.

PASSAGE OF MUSKET BULLETS THROUGH THE HUMAN BODY.—A number of curious cases of the progress of musket balls from the place where they were first lodged, have been observed by military surgeons. We have heard of a very remarkable case, where the musket ball struck the forehead above the nose, and having divided into two halves, one half went round beneath the skin, on the right side, and the other on the left, advancing in contact with the skull. We do not ask our readers to believe the poetical edition of this fact, that the two half bullets met again behind, after having performed the circuit of the head in opposite directions, and advancing with a slightly diminished force, united, and killed an unfortunate man who stood in their way; but the fact of the splitting of the bullet, and the advance of each half in opposite directions, is unquestionable. The singular progress of a musket bullet from the forehead to the throat, has been recorded by Dr. Fielding. At the first battle of Newbury, in the time of civil wars, a medical gentleman was shot near the right eye. The skull was fractured at the place, but though the surgeon could see the pulsation of the brain beneath the wound, yet the bullet had turned to one side, and could not be discovered. Various bones were discharged from the wound, the mouth and the nostrils. At the time of the second battle of Newbury, the wound healed, and could not be kept open; but about twelve years afterwards, when the doctor was riding in a cold dark night, he felt a pain on the left side of his head, about the "almonds of the ear," which occasioned a partial deafness. Having stopped his ear with wool, he was surprised one day, in March 1670, by a sudden puff or crack in his ear, when all that side of his cheek hung loose as if it had been paralytic, and a hard knot was felt under the ear. Various tumors now appeared about the throat, and in August 1672, the bullet was taken out of the throat near the *pomam Adami*.—FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

## BURKE, Pitt, AND SHERIDAN.

BURKE.—He usually wore a blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, brown breeches, and grey worsted stockings; and a wig of fair, curly hair, made to look natural. He also commonly used spectacles; so that it is not easy to describe his face. But I noticed that he had many wrinkles, and these more of thought than age. He had a double chin as it is termed; large nostrils, a rather long, irregular nose, and wide, and as it were, a loose mouth, such as many public speakers have. His speeches were always worth listening to; though his attitude was often unbecoming, as he would keep one hand in his waistcoat pocket, and the other frequently in his bosom, and swing his body from side to side, while his feet were fixed to one spot. Being an Irishman, he not only spoke with an Irish accent, which might be excused, but with an Irish pronunciation, for which there is no excuse, because English people of good education must needs know how to pronounce their own language; and when an Irishman of discernment and talents speaks differently, it must be because he chooses so to do; which is ridiculous. In spite of these objections, such were the charms of his eloquence, his words flowed in so grand a torrent, and he so abounded in happy metaphor, and well applied learning, that although I have heard him for several hours together, I do not remember being conscious of weariness or impatience, while he was on his legs.

PITT.—Pitt was a tall thin man, of a fair skin, and with rather an effeminate gait. He had light colored hair, and grey, watery eyes, and a projecting, sharp pointed nose, a little turned up. His forehead, in the part nearest to his eye-brows, came far out, as may be seen in his statues and busts. His manner of speaking in the House was very lordly and commanding; he generally stretched forth his right hand to its utmost length, kept his left hand on his hip, or on the table, near which he usually stood, and his feet at proper distance from each other, and spoke deliberately, like a person reading from a well-written book, and in a voice as loud and deep almost as a bell.

SHERIDAN.—Sheridan was above the middle height; shoulders somewhat round; he had one leg perceptibly larger than the other. His face, in the lower part, was fat; and all over, too rosy for a temperate or very discreet man; eyes most remarkable—large, of a dark color, and shining as if fire came from them; when near, and immediately in front of him, few could bear to look steadily at his countenance. In pronouncing his orations, he had endless grace and variety of action; using both arms with such propriety, that by their movements one might nearly conjecture what he was saying. His voice had in it almost every sort of musical sound; it was sometimes as sweet as the notes of a violin, and at others as mellow as an organ.—Pizziana.

PACES OF THE SNAIL.—The locomotion of animals which have no feet is a curious subject of physiological investigation, and has in some instances well rewarded the study of naturalists. The leech, the earth worm, serpents, &c. have each their peculiar modes of progression; but the snail, as any person may observe, moves differently from all these, gliding along without jerks or undulations in any part of its body, and each point of the surface advancing simultaneously; for, the belly being smooth, with no appendages to perform the office of feet, the whole body consequently moves at once. Mr. J. Main, who has written an ingenious paper on the subject, has studied the motions of the Limax maximus, *L. ater*, *L. rufus* and *L. agrestis*; and, by placing them on glass, the muscular motion was remarked to be from the tail to the head; and of course, the movement cannot be by impulses. Mr. Main thinks the movement is produced by the propelling force of the slime projected in a retrograde manner from all the parts of the body at once.

## FROM FRANKLIN'S LETTERS.

When theologians or religious people quarrel about religion, each party abuses the other; the profane and the infidel believe both sides, and enjoy the fray; the reputation of religion in general suffers, and its enemies are ready to say, not what was said in the primitive times, *Behold how these Christians love one another—but, Mark how these Christians hate one another.*

Suffer not your spirit to be subdued by misfortunes; but on the contrary, steer onward, with a courage greater than your fate seems to allow.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have on hand, a well written communication on Pulpit Eloquence; a portion of which is in type, and was intended for insertion in the present number; but the length of preceding articles compels us unwillingly to defer it until our next.

A Reply to the Review of Klaproth's Examination of the Hieroglyphic System of Champollion, copied in our first number from the Asiatic Journal; is on file, for insertion.

The Lines from an Album, contain a very beautiful and delicate thought; but the language wants smoothness and polish. The *sound* is not "an echo to the *sense*."

## Miscellaneous Selections.

## GORDON OF BRACKLEY.

The following was given in one of the early volumes of Blackwood's Magazine, as an "Ancient Scottish Ballad."—It is probably however a modern imitation. But let it be new or old, there can be no doubt respecting its intrinsic merit. If not a *true antique*, it is certainly a *real gem*. Its simple and touching pathos has rarely been equalled.

Down Dee-side, came Inveraye  
Whistling and horning,  
And called loud at Brackley gate,  
Ere the day dawning,  
"Come, Gordon of Brackley,  
Proud Gordon, come down;  
There's a sword at your threshold  
Mair sharp than your own."

"Arise now gay Gordon,"  
His lady 'gan cry;  
"Look, here is bold Inveraye  
Driving your kye"—  
"How can I go, lady,  
And win them agen?  
I hae' but ae sword  
And rude Inveraye, ten."

Arise up, my maidens,  
Wi' roke and wi' fan;  
How blest would I been  
Had I married a man!  
Arise up, my maidens,  
Take spear and take sword—  
Go milk the ewes, Gordon,  
And I will be lord."

The Gordon sprung up  
With his helm on his head;  
Laid his hand on his sword,  
And his thigh o'er his steed;  
And he stooped low, and said,  
As he kissed his young dame,  
"There's a Gordon rides out  
Who will never ride hame."

There rode wi' fierce Inveraye  
Thirty and three;  
But with Brackley were none  
Save his brother and he.  
Twa gallanter Gordons  
Did never sword draw;  
But 'gainst four and thirty,  
Woe is me,—what is twa?

Wi' swords and wi' daggers,  
They set on him rude,  
And the twa bonnie Gordons  
Lie bathed in their blude;  
From the source of the Dee  
To the mouth of the Spey,  
The Gordons mourn for them,  
And curse Inveraye.

Oh, were ye at Brackley?  
And what saw ye there?  
Was the fair lady weeping  
And tearing her hair?  
I looked in at Brackley,  
I looked in,—but oh,  
There was mirth, there was feasting,  
But nothing of woe.

As a rose bloomed the lady,  
And blythe as a bride;  
As a bridegroom, bold Inveraye  
Smiled by her side.  
Oh, she feasted him there  
As she ne'er feasted lord,  
While the blood of her husband  
Was moist on his sword.

In her chamber she kept him,  
Till morning grew grey;  
Through the dark woods of Brackley,  
She showed him the way;  
"Yon wild hill," she said,  
"Where the sun's shining on,  
Is the hill of Glentannar,  
Now kiss and begone."

There's grief in the cottage,  
There's mirth in the ha',  
For the good gallant Gordon  
That's dead and awa'—  
To the bush comes the bud,  
And the flower to the plain;  
But the good and the brave  
They come never again.

## D U E T T.

We know not who is the author of the following lines, which we met while turning over the leaves of an old scrap book. They are excellent of their kind, and contain much genuine humor.

## TINKLETON.

Immortal Dolly Doubleyou,  
You charming little bubble, you;  
I want to know  
If you can show  
A man that dares to trouble you.

## DOLLY.

Sweet charming Signor Tinkleton,  
Your blooming cheek is wrinkled none;  
Of men that be  
To trouble me,  
I do not know a single one.

## TINKLETON.

Come love, shall we be wandering?  
The flowers their sweets are squandering:  
The idle gales  
A down the vales,  
Are lingering and pondering.

## DOLLY.

Oh, what a charming man you be;  
How fanciful, I van you be,  
So very sweet,  
So very neat,  
And kind and brave, how can you be?

## TINKLETON.

How blest your praises render me;  
You must the Witch of Endor be,  
To strike my heart's  
Sincerest part;  
I swear I love you tenderly.

## DOLLY.

You know, papa, he scolded me  
The day you first beheld me,  
Because you stood,  
(You know you would,)  
And in your arms enfolded me.

## TINKLETON.

I swear by all above, you know,  
That I sincerely love you, though.  
You called me then  
The "best of men,"  
And I called you "my dove," you know.

## DOLLY.

My name is Dolly—take me now,  
Your own forever make me now.  
And let us flee—  
For daddy, he  
If he should come, would shake me now.

## TINKLETON.

But Dolly, oh, my honey, though,  
Just fetch a bag of money, though;  
For if you dont,  
Have you, I wont;  
And wouldn't that be funny, though?

## OLD MAN, (entering.)

Avaunt, you ragged villain, you;  
Or I will be for drillin' you.  
Quick, leave my sight;  
For naught but flight  
Will hinder me from killin' you.

On a visit to a certain seaport town in this country, Burns entered into a warm discussion on religious topics with a person named Andrew Turner, who was famed for deistical principles, and what John Bunyan would have denominated an "ill favored" countenance. The poet was worsted in the argument, at which he felt nettled, and vented his spleen in the following impromptu.

It happened once upon a time,  
The de'il got stuff to make a swine  
And laid it in a corner;  
But after that he chang'd his plan,  
An' made it something like a man,  
An' ca'd it ANDREW TURNER.

## EVILS OF LIFE.

Lord! if our days be few, why do we spend  
And lavish them to such an evil end?  
Or why, if they be evil, do we wrong  
Ourselves and thee, in wishing them so long?  
Our days decrease, our evils still renew,  
We make them evil, and thou mak'st them few.

**THE FRENCH DENTIST.** His equipage was not an uncommon one in France for this class of artists. He drove into the middle of the press in a handsome open carriage, with a servant in livery behind, alternately blowing a trumpet and beating a drum, and exclaiming "room for the celebrated doctor!" The horse was then dismissed, the carriage converted at once into a stage and a shop, and the great man commenced his harangue. He expatiated on the *grandeur* and importance of the art of tooth drawing—on his own unrivalled skill, renowned throughout all Europe—on the infatuation of those unhappy beings who delayed even for a single instant to take advantage of an opportunity thus offered to them by Providence. He flourished his iron instrument in the air, comparing it to the rod of Aaron; he likened the listeners themselves to a crowd of infidels of old, gathering about an apostle, and struggling sinfully, not only against his word, but in spite of their own teeth. "Alas! my friends," said he, "when I shall have turned my back, you will repent in dust and ashes; but repentance will then be too late. You fancy you have not the toothache! Poor creatures! my heart bleeds for you! In your culpable ignorance you believe that no one is unwell who is not in an agony of pain. You imagine that pain is the disease, whereas it is only one of the symptoms; and yet I see by the faces of many of you—I may say most of you—that you have not only the toothache, but the symptomatic twinge. This is the case with you, and you, and you, and more than you. Tell me, am I not correct? Only think of your gums! Do you not feel a sensation of tickling, as it were, at the root of your teeth, or of coldness at top, as if the air was already penetrating through the breaches of time or disease? This is the toothache. This sensation will increase, till it ends in torture and despair. Then you will inquire for the doctor, but the doctor will not hear: then you will intrust the operation to some miserable quack, who will break your jaws in pieces; or, if you endure in silence, the pain will produce fever—fever will bring on madness—and madness terminate in death! His eloquence was irresistible; in ten minutes every soul of us had the toothache. Several sufferers rushed forward at the same instant to crave relief.—One of them, a fine looking young fellow, gained the race; but not till he had broken from the arms of a peasant girl, who, having either less faith or more philosophy, implored him to consider, in the first place, whether he had really the toothache. Grimly smiled the doctor when the head of his patient was fairly between his knees; and ruefully did the latter gaze up from the helpless position into his executioner's face. We all looked with open mouths and in dead silence upon the scene, all, except the young girl, who with averted head, awaited, pale, trembling, and in tears, the event. The doctor examined the unfortunate mouth, and adjusted his instrument to the tooth which it was his pleasure to extract; the crowd set their teeth, grinned horribly, and awaited the wrench; but the operator, withdrawing his hand, recommenced the lecture with greaterunction than ever. A second time was this unmerciful reprieve granted, and then a third time, and the condemned groaned aloud. We could stand no more: we were already in a paroxysm of the toothache; and feeling a strange fascination creeping over us as we looked upon the glittering steel, we fairly took to our heels and fled from the spot."

## RITCHE'S WANDERINGS ON THE LOIRE.

**THE FAMOUS SAYINGS OF JEMSHED.**—The first was: God has no partner in his wisdom; Doubt not, therefore, though thou understandest not. The 2d: Greatness followeth no man, but goeth before him; and he that is assiduous shall overtake fortune. The third was written: Hope is always as much better than fear, as courage is superior to cowardice. The fourth was: Seek not so much to know thy enemies as friends; for where one man has fallen by foes, a hundred have been ruined by acquaintance. The fifth: He that telleth thee that thou art always wrong, may be deceived; but he that saith that thou art always right, is surely a liar. The sixth: Justice came from God's wisdom, but Mercy from his love; therefore, as thou hast not wisdom, be pitiful to merit his affection. The seventh: Man is mixed of virtues and of vices; love his virtues in others, but abhor his vices in thyself. The eighth: Seek not for faults, but seek diligently for beauties; for the thorns are easily found after the roses are faded.

**DR. JOHNSON.**—When Dr. Johnson courted Miss Porter, whom he afterwards married, he told her, "that he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, and that an uncle of his had been hanged." The Lady, by way of reducing herself to an equality with him, replied, "that she had no more money than himself, and that though none of her relations had been hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging."

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